



Thrilling  
Mystery Story  
in 30 chapters

# THE GREEN SHADOW

by HERMAN LONDON

He was not in love with her. He had loved once, and the one disastrous experience was enough. Besides, the Picaroon had no right to look desiringly at the Adele Castles of the world. And yet—

"Strange!" she murmured when he had finished. "A green light, a voice! That's exactly the same experience I had, except that I escaped unharmed." She thought for a little while, her exquisite face very tense. Suddenly she looked up at him, her lips quivering. "That man must have been Dr. Moffett!"

"Just what I have been thinking."

She bent her head in thought again. "But what could he have been doing in your apartment?"

"Looking for something, I suppose. Papers, perhaps."

"Papers?"

"Well, if he had been lucky, or made a more thorough search, he might have found something which would have gone a long way toward unmasking the Picaroon."

"Oh," she said soberly. "Dr. Moffett is looking for information he can use to blackmail you."

"Intimidate me, rather. I don't think it is his plan to extort money from me—not for the present, at any rate. All he wants me to do is to fold my arms and keep my hands off. If I am right in that theory, his visit last night was a compliment to me. He is afraid of me, so he wants to force me to let him alone."

"You are getting yourself into a lot of trouble on account of me," she remarked ruefully.

"It's worth it," Dale declared with enthusiasm. "Besides, life would be dreadfully dull without a dash of excitement now and then."

"I wonder how Dr. Moffett knew that you had taken an in-

terest in my father's case."

"It's possible, for one thing, that he is having you shadowed. Naturally, after your interview with him the other day, he wants to know what you are doing and what sort of people you come in contact with. It's possible you and I were watched in the park yesterday. Moveover Axelsson knows that I am interested in the affair."

"The caretaker at 262 Bank Street?"

"I had a talk with him last night. I have my doubts about that fellow. I happened to mention one or two things which disturbed him very much. My theory is that he is in league with Dr. Moffett, and he probably communicated with the excellent doctor the moment I turned my back."

"But how would Dr. Moffett know that you are the Picaroon?"

"There I am stumped," said Dale in a queer voice. "I haven't a ghost of an idea. Until last night I could have sworn that you were the only person in the world who knew that, and you had known it only a few hours. Then there is another person who suspects something of the sort, but it's not much more than a guess with him." He chuckled.

She grew thoughtful and silent. Sitting on the sofa, she leaned her dark head against her fine, white hand.

"This morning I read all the newspaper accounts of the murder on Bank Street," she remarked after a while. "I was hoping there would be a picture of the murdered woman, but I didn't find any. Don't the newspapers usually print the photograph of the victim in a sensational murder case?"

"Usually, if one is available. Summers told me Ferryman carries one in his watch, but it may

be too small or not clear enough for reproduction. But there is no doubt about Mrs. Ferryman being the Miss Conway who took you to the house on Bank Street. Axelsson practically admitted it."

"But it's strange that her picture didn't appear in the papers. She was a beautiful woman. I should imagine she had lots of photographs taken."

Dale straightened up abruptly. "That's an idea!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps some one is interested in preventing the picture from getting into the papers."

"What would be the object?"

"To conceal the fact that Mrs. Ferryman and Miss Conway were the same person. Just what bearing that fact has on the case isn't clear, however. With the photograph suppressed, the woman's dual identity could be concealed without great difficulty. In all probability only a few persons knew Mrs. Ferryman as Miss Conway. I see the police aren't making much headway. They can't find a motive for the murder, and they haven't the slightest clue to the murderer."

"Dr. Moffett, of course."

Dale gave her a keen look, wondering if in that little sentence she had not sketched the tragedy of her young life. If Paul Ainsworth were Dr. Moffett, and Dr. Moffett the murderer of Miss Conway, then the damning circle was complete.

"Why should Dr. Moffett murder a faithful confederate?" he objected.

"How do you know she was faithful?" she countered instantly.

Dale chuckled. "The feminine instinct again. You may have hit the nail on the head. But you and I are not especially interested in finding the murderer or discovering the motive. First of all we want to prove to Dr. Moffett that blackmail is an unhealthy practice."

A shadow came over her face. "You are still determined to go through with it, even after the warning you received?"

Dale hesitated. He wondered what his going through with it would ultimately mean to Miss Castle. A headache now, or a bitter awakening and years of misery later?

A whimsical smile lighted up his face. He fingered his jaw.

"I owe Dr. Moffett something. An eye for an eye, and a jaw for a jaw—that's my motto."

### The Moving Panel

The hour was 2 in the morning. The respectable portion of Bank Street, which meant the larger portion, had retired long since. Only here and there an isolated light gleamed rakishly in an upper window. No. 262 was dark from attic to basement, and not only dark but absolutely still as well.

Presently the stillness was broken. A slight sound, like a gnawing on metal, came from one of the windows in the rear, but it was too small to disturb any one. With now and then a brief pause it continued for several minutes, and then it was followed by another sound, a sort of wooden squeak like that produced when a tightly fitting window is being slowly forced open. Soon this sound also ceased and there came an interval of silence.

Had there been eyes in the darkness, a shadowy form might have been seen outside the window, waiting and listening to make certain that the road was clear. Everything being reassuringly still, the shadow passed silently across the sill and came forward with a sureness of movement which testified to a previous exploration of the premises. Now there came an intermittent flashing of light from an electric torch, and one of these flashes revealed two sliding doors. At a touch and a gentle pull they slid open soundlessly, and the shadow passed through.

Darkness again, and a pause. Alert ears and sharp eyes raked the silence and darkness. Then the white light of the torch fell over the still spaces, and behind the torch stood the Picaroon.

His shoulders were bent and he moved with a little limp. He wore a soft hat that had lost its shape and a suit of unbecoming and neutral hue that did not fit very well. There were gloves on his hands and glasses with heavy shell rims over his eyes. He gave the impression of being mild-mannered and soft-spoken. His appearance, if not his actions, suggested the impecunious scholar or the soap-box philosopher. In this queer get-up

with its complement of odd manners and mannerisms, Martin Dale would scarcely have been recognized even by his friends.

With an unhurried air he surveyed his surroundings in the light of the torch, noting the handsome rugs, the books, the pictures, the chairs, among the latter the luxuriously unholstered one in which the Alexander Ferryman has sat last night while Dale questioned him concerning Dr. Moffett.

Last of all he turned his flashlight on a point in the hand-carved oak paneling that at a casual glance looked like a flaw in the otherwise perfect finish. Martin Dale had noticed this little peculiarity last night, and peculiarities, whether large or small, always excited his curiosity. This curiosity was now about to be gratified by the Picaroon.

He stepped closer. The upper part of the wainscoting was a border of skillfully carved oak leaves. At one point this border had a broken appearance. It might mean that the slow ravages of time and weather had warped the woodwork, or it might mean something entirely different. In any event, it appeared to have escaped Axelsson's notice, or he would have seen about having it repaired. For that matter, the Picaroon's keen eyes had a habit of noting details that eluded the average person.

Now he ran his hand along the strip, his mind divided between admiration of fine workmanship and a desire to know the meaning of the solitary flaw. Into the narrow and irregular crevice he inserted the blade of a small penknife, and pried gently. A little exclamation fell from his lips. A portion of the decorative strip yielded with an elastic vigor which suggested that a steel spring was at work somewhere. An opening appeared which proved big enough to admit the Picaroon's hand. He explored the aperture, which widened downward, and suddenly a tingling sensation was communicated to his finger tips.

His hand came out, and with it came a rope of pearls. He stared dumfounded at their pale, bluish-gray radiance. A familiar thrill was singing in his brain as he lovingly fingered the exquisite pellets, perfectly matched and magnificent to the eye. He gazed at them, not greedily, but as a true lover of beautiful things. They dazzled him, charmed him, lulled his brain into a pleasant stupor with their soothing sorcery, filling him with a desire to possess them and call them his own, if only for a little while.

It was a familiar desire, one he had rarely been able to resist. But this was not an ordinary occasion in the Picaroon's life. He had not come to Bank Street in search of loot, but rather in the hope of finding some clue, no matter how slight, which might eventually enable him to frustrate Dr. Moffett's villainous designs.

### SOFTBALL GAME LAST EVENING

Drydock Defeated Round House in Scheduled Match

In a scheduled softball game last evening the drydock defeated the round house in a score of 15-11. In the first few innings of the game it appeared as if the round house had the game cinched but the second baseman presented the game to the ship builders. The lineups were as follows:

Round house—Phillips, c; Forman, 3b; Tullock, p; Cameron, 2b; Peterson, 1b; Bond, cf; Stratchan, rf; Rose, 2b; Ferguson, ss.

Drydock—Gawthorne, p; Kelsey, 2b; Smith, 1b; McKenzie, 3b; Hadden, c; Palmer, cf; Howe, 2b; Reid, lf; Herstrom, rf.

League Standing

W. L.	
Drydock	5 1
Station	4 2
Supt. office	2 4
Round house	1 5

C.N.R. steamer Prince Rupert, Capt. D. Donald, is due back about 6:30 this evening from Anyox and Stewart and is scheduled to sail at 7 o'clock for Ocean Falls, Powell River and Vancouver.

### SNAPPY GAME OF BASEBALL

Gyro Club Still In Running As Result of Win From Elks Last Evening

In one of the snappiest games of the season, in the City Baseball League, last night, Gyros nosed out the Elks by a three to two score. The game was featured by hard hitting and air-tight fielding, several safe looking hits being cut off. McNulty, in right field for the Gyros, pulled off a sensational running catch in the first inning of Arsenneau's drive which looked like a three bagger. Hill, playing his first game of the season for the Gyros in left field, took one off his shoe strings in the third, and turned it into a double play. Chenoski, pitching for the Gyros, held the Elks to four scattered singles, while Loblick, on the mound for the Elks, allowed seven safeties. Three of these came in the first inning and netted the Gyros one run, while three more with a sacrifice, netted them two more and enough to win in the fifth. Farquhar made three safe hits in three trips to the plate, while Budinich, for the Elks got two safeties in three times up. G. Mitchell made a couple of nice stops at second for the Elks, and Haveland played a fine game at third for the Service Club.

Score by innings:

Elks	0 0 1 0 1 0 0-2
Gyros	1 0 0 0 2 0 x-3

Box Score

ELKS	ABR	H	POA	E	
Harold, 3b.	3	1	1	0	0
G. Mitchell, 2b.	3	0	0	0	0
Arsenneau, lf.	3	0	0	0	0
Loblick, p.	3	0	0	0	5
A. Mitchell, ss.	3	0	0	2	1
Gosse, cf.	3	0	0	2	0
Stevens, 1b.	3	0	1	2	0
Gurvich, c.	3	1	0	1	1
Budinich, rf.	3	0	2	0	0
Totals	27	2	4	11	0

Totals

GYROS	ABR	H	POA	E	
Moran, ss.	3	1	1	0	1
Farquhar, 1b.	3	1	3	6	0
Haveland, 3b.	2	0	1	4	0
McKeown, c.	3	0	1	5	0
Chenoski, p.	3	0	0	1	1
Easson, 2b.	3	0	0	1	4
Bury, cf.	3	0	0	0	0
Hill, lf.	2	0	0	2	1
McNulty, rf.	2	1	1	2	0
Totals	24	3	7	21	7

Summary: Earned runs, Elks, 0; Gyros, 3; two-base hit, Moran; sacrifice hit, Haveland; stolen bases, Harold, 2, Gurvich; struck out by Loblick, 2, Chenoski, 5; left on bases, Elks, 4, Gyros, 4; double play, Hill to Easson; McKeown hit by batted ball in first inning; umpires, Menzies and Ratchford.

League Standing

The league standing to date is as follows:

W. L. Pct.	
N. S. O. C.	5 4 .556
Elks	6 6 .500
Gyros	5 6 .455

### CRICKET GAMES REGINA FRIDAY

REGINA, Aug. 10.—British Columbia scored 253 runs for eight wickets against Manitoba in response to the score of 196 runs yesterday.

Saskatchewan was the other winner of the cricket games against Alberta, making 147 to 137.

The game between British Columbia and Saskatchewan today will decide the western Canada championship. Saskatchewan still leads by one point.

### BASEBALL TEAM FOR FAIR WEEK

The following local players have been selected to represent Prince Rupert in the baseball series with Ocean Falls during fair week: Stan Moran, captain, Cecil Downie, Charlie McKeown, Herman Loblick, Oliver Haveland, Nick Chenoski, Vic Menzie, Benny Wendle, Bill Mitchell, Bill Lambie, George Arsenneau, Jimmy Farquhar, Art Easson, Bill Harold, George Mitchell, Alex Mitchell and Dido Gurvich.

The first practice in anticipation of the playing of the series will be held tomorrow morning at the Acropolis Hill grounds.

### PARTY OF ELKS VISIT ANYOX

A party of something like 40 people, including 25 Elks, will leave Prince Rupert on the steamer Catala tomorrow evening on a visit to Anyox, returning here Thursday on the Prince Charles by way of the islands.

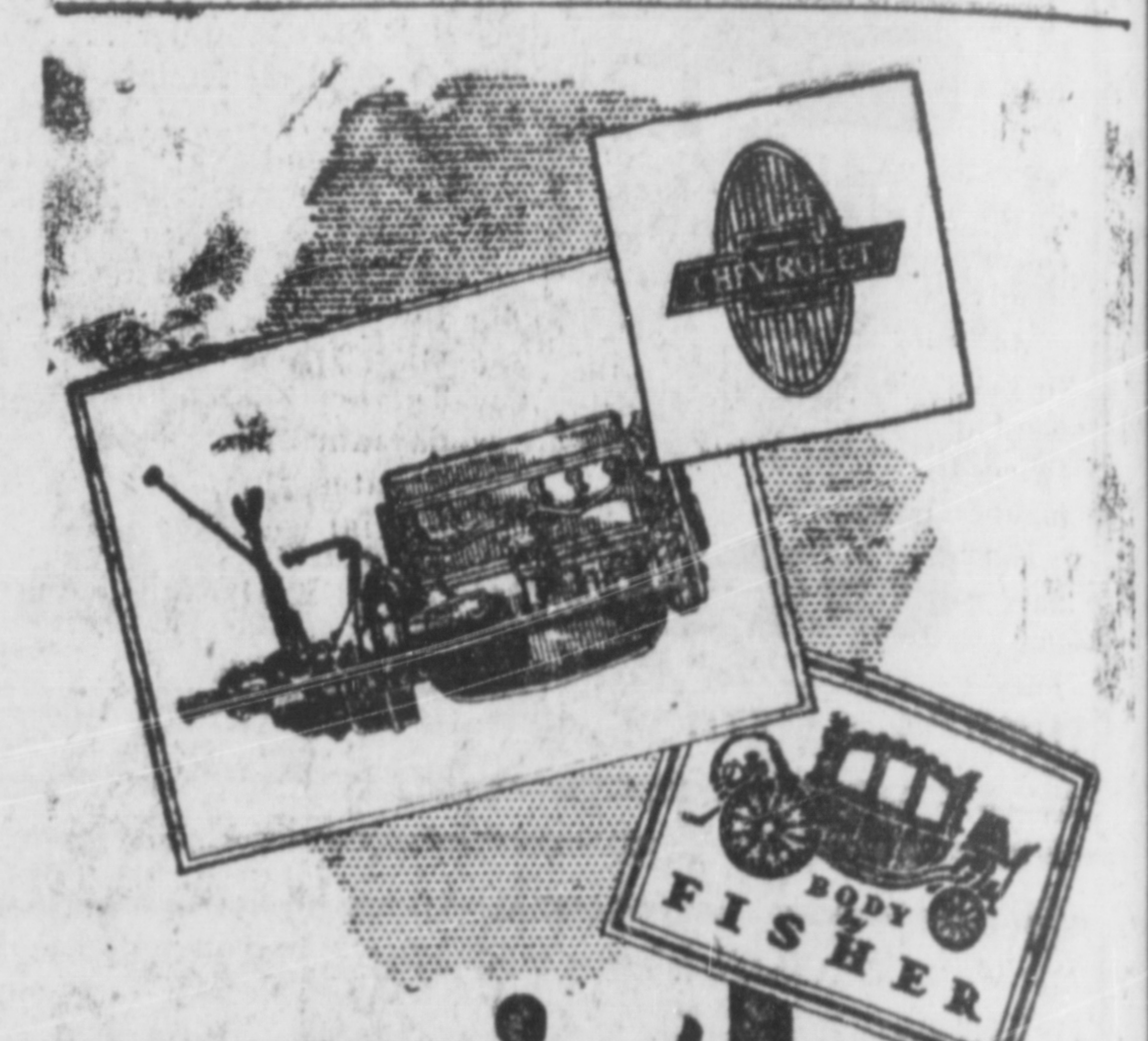
There is a baseball team going which will play Monday and Tuesday. There is also an Elks' degree team that will put on some degree work for the Anyox Elks. Accompanying them is a drill team.

The visit of such a large party is important and will doubtless result in a large number of Anyox people making a return visit to Prince Rupert.

### Sport Chat

A series of softball games have been arranged to be played during fair week. There are entries and a trophy is to be voted by the fair board. The teams will be two C.N.R. teams from the Biological Station and one from the fish dock and supplies. Softball is spreading rapidly all over the country and more interest is being taken in it every day.

This afternoon there is a swimming race at Victoria. The swimmers start from the harbor front of the Empress Hotel and go right through to the George. A number of Vancouver swimmers are there to take part.



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